

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON "THE LIGHTNING OF THE SEA."

A Most Eloquent Discourse from Job 4:1-xxii. "He Maketh a Path to Shine after Him"—The Author Enchanted with Interest.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 18.—In the Brooklyn tabernacle this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached an unusually attractive and eloquent gospel sermon to a crowded audience who listened with rapt interest. The subject was "The Lightning of the Sea," the text selected being Job 4:1-xxii. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible there will yet be texts unexpounded, and unexplained, and unanswered. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken, bears on the controversy as to what was really the Leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea-monster now extinct. No creature now living in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters shaking and resounding. In the words of the text: "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illuminated path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an American an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called in the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he called it "The Lightning of the Sea." Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the sea-coast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence and I hope that the other one tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea illuminated; it is the inflorescences of the billows, the waves of the sea illuminated, as was the deep after the last light of Leopold's waves of the ocean fire. There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange spicula, as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling colors on all sides of you. You'll looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as he walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera can not be successfully trained to catch it, and before the hand of the painter drops its pencil overswept and powerless. This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animal-leaves for nearly one hundred and fifty years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solonization of all who have brains enough to think. Now, God, who puts in his Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence, and as the Leviathan of the deep sweeps past, points out the fact that "he maketh a path to shine after him."

Is that true of us now and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be no sub-sentient light or darkness? Will there be a trail of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of us truthfully as the text says of the Leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him?" For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thresh in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving on! Look at the family record, or the almanac, or into the mirror, and see if any one of you is where you were. All in motion. Other feet may trip, and stumble, and halt, but the feet of not one moment for the last sixty centuries has tripped, or stumbled, or halted. Moving on! Society moving on! The world moving on! Heaven moving on! The universe moving on! Time moving on! Eternity moving on! Therefore, it is absurd to think that we ourselves can stop, as we must move with all the rest. Are we like the creature of the text, making our path to shine after us? It may be a peculiar question, but my text suggests it. What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices, "we are not one of the immortals." Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it. You are wrong in saying that I pass down through

this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I can not find. I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history and I find that by a you or a no he decided some one's eternity. In times of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some temptation which another, hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way. Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long-reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it if you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets, or along that country road, 200 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific ocean and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic ocean? Every man, every woman, stands at a point where words uttered, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities. We see a man planting a tree, and treading the soil firmly on either side of it and watering it in dry weather, and taking a great care in its culture, and he never plucks any fruit from its bough; but his children will. We are all planting trees that will yield fruit hundreds of years after we are dead; orchards of golden fruit, or groves of deadly snakes. I am so fascinated with the phosphorescence in the track of a ship that I have sometimes watched for a long while, and have seen nothing on the face of the deep but blackness. The mouth of watery chasm that looked like gaping jaws of hell. Not a spark as big as the eye; not a white scroll of surf; not a taper to illuminate the mighty sepulchers of dead along darkness three thousand feet deep, and more thousands of feet long and wide. That is the kind of wake that a bad man leaves behind him as he plows through the ocean of this life toward the vast ocean of the great future.

Now, suppose a man seated in a corner grocery, or business office among clerks, gives himself to jolly skepticism. He lingers at the Bible, makes sport of the miracles, speaks of perdition in jokes, and laughs at revivals as frolic and at the passage of a funeral procession, which always stimulates sensible people, says, "Boys, let's take a drink." There is in that group a young man who is making a great struggle against temptation, and prays night and morning, and reads his Bible and is asking God for help day by day. But that gulfaw against Christianity makes him lose his grip of sacred things and he gives up Sabbath, and church, and morals, and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a Lazar house and is buried in the potter's field. Another young man who heard that jolly skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," began, as a consequence, to pursue some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That wretched sinner who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life, and out of it, and into a thine that I am not now going to depict. I do not propose with a search-light to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the heel has played it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but behind it two souls struggling in the waves, two young men destroyed by reckless skepticism, an unillumined ocean beneath and on all sides of them. Blackness of darkness. You know what a glorious good man Rev. John Newton was, the most of his life, but before his conversion he was a very wicked sailor and on board the ship "Harriet" instilled infidelity and vice in the mind of a young man, principles which destroyed him. Afterward that two men and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse, and died a profligate, horrifying with his profanities those who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated, and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

But I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never suffer but he will try to alleviate it and never say discouragement but he will try to cheer it and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting his strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing all the good he can possibly do in one day. Whether standing behind the counter, or talking in the business office with a pen behind his ear, or making a bargain with a fellow-trader or out in the fields discussing with his next neighbor the wheat rotation of crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding sole-leather, there is something in his face, and in his phrasology, and in his manner, that demonstrates the grace of God in his heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. He loves

God, and loves the souls of all whom he meets, and is interested in their present and eternal destiny. For fifty or sixty years he lives that kind of life and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul. But I am not going to describe the port into which that ship has entered. I am not going to describe the pilot who met him outside at the "lightship." I am not going to say anything about the crowds of friends who met him on the crystalline wharves up which he goes on steps of chrysoprase. For God in his words to Job calls me to look at the path of foam in the wake of that ship, and I tell you it is all aglow with splendors of kindness done, and rolling with illumined tears that were wiped away and a-dash with congratulations, and clear out to the horizon in all directions is the sparkling, flashing, billowing phosphorescence of a Christian life. "He maketh a path to shine after him."

And here I correct one of the meanings which at some time takes possession of all of us, and that is as to the brevity of human life. When I bury some very useful man, cleric or lay, in his thirtieth or fortieth year, I say, "What a waste of energies!" It was hardly worth while for him to get ready for Christian work, for he had so soon to quit it." But the fact is that I may insure any man or woman who does any good on a large or small scale for a life on earth as long as the world lasts. Sickness, trolley accidents, death itself can no more destroy his life than can the bear down one of the rings of Saturn. You can start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens never to halt as long as the God lives.

There were in the seventeenth century men and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, colleges, churches, nations. You can no more measure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star Line 1,500 miles out at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspires us to follow, as a general in the American army, cool amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on." Ay, we are all following somebody, either in right or wrong directions. A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy, and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender and beautiful and impressive that it led me into the kingdom of God, and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be able to realize that it ever existed at all. I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the wake of a "Cannibal," but of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fisherman. God makes thunderbolts out of sparks, and out of the small words and deeds of a small life he can launch a power that will flash and burn and thunder through the eternities. How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a bairn that died at six months of age by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms seraphic, is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents, and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary sons, what is the opportunity of those who have especial intellectual or social, or monetary equipment? Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of one good and gracious friend who a few days ago went to rest—George W. Childs of Philadelphia? From a newspaper that was printed for thirty years without one word of defamation, or scurrility, or scandal, and on board the ship "Harriet" instilled infidelity and vice in the mind of a young man, principles which destroyed him. Afterward that two men and Newton tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse, and died a profligate, horrifying with his profanities those who stood by him in his last moments. Better look out what bad influence you start for you may not be able to stop it. It does not require very great force to ruin others. Why was it that many years ago a great flood nearly destroyed New Orleans? A crawfish had burrowed into the banks of the river until the ground was saturated, and the banks weakened until the flood burst.

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During February

Colds and chills are prevalent, and unless the system is strong enough to throw them off, serious illness, often ending in pneumonia and death result.

The Cause

Of colds, chills and attendant dangers is found in the blood, poisoned by uric acid, which should be expelled by the kidneys.

The Effect

Of this kidney-poisoned blood is far-reaching. Health and strength are impossible while it exists. The system is being continually weakened, leaving it open to the ravages of colds, chills, pneumonia and fevers.

The Cure

For such a diseased condition is found in Warner's Safe Cure, which will restore the kidneys to health and enable them to properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. The record of the past is

Proof Positive.

appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray for him. Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we can not help but shine! Remember if you can not be leviathan lashing the ocean into fury, you can be one of the phosphors, doing your part toward malingering a path of phosphorescence. Then, I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who officiates at your obsequies. The failure in all eloquence of the departed is that they can not hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away; how many burdens he lifted; or how many souls he was under God instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him. That pillow of flowers on the casket was presented by his Sabbath school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a waif of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong. Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the costly garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home, crowded with sympathizers. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are let down from the stern of the vessel into the respondent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

But, mark you, that the phosphorescence has a glow that the night moon

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CURIOUS PLANS

Proposed to Ways and Means Committee,

For Meeting the Present Government Deficiency.

TO TAX BASEBALL.

Ohioan Writes Murderous Letters in Red Ink.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The ways and means committee has preserved a special bunch of papers containing remarkable propositions from people in various parts of the country as the means for meeting the government deficiency. One of these urges a tax of \$10 on each baseball or football club in the country and an additional \$100 for every game of baseball or football played.

Another proposition is that a reduction of 10 per cent be made on all salaries to government officials over \$10,000, the reduction to continue until the hard times are over. Another reformer proposes a heavy internal revenue tax to be placed on revolvers, pistols, dirks, daggers and other weapons used in committing bodily violence.

Various plans for protecting working men have been suggested, one of these being a tax of \$100 on every immigrant coming to this country to work.

Some of these propositions have contained that of various nations. One man at Columbus, Ohio, had sent many threatening postal cards, written in red ink, expressing a purpose of killing members of the committee. Each of this man's letters bears the impress of a large seal, similar to a notarial seal, in the circular margin of which are the words "Marshal of the United States" and within the circle, "State of Ohio."

The seal is well executed and gives the letters an appearance of being the work of some anarchistic organization, though they are believed to be sent by one man. No effort has been made to apprehend the writer, as he is regarded as harmless, but the letters may be turned over to the inspector of the postoffice department.

TO-DAY'S MARKET REPORT.

Furnished by W. F. Fodderman, Broker, Grains, Provisions and Stocks, Room 5, Columbia Building.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, Feb. 18.—Wheat opened 7m and 1/2 higher today and advanced 7m on the institution of the cable and telegraph service of cold waves. Late business was over. New York selling and the talk of an extremely heavy Kansas crop caused a reaction, and the price went down 7m. Selling in Lester, presumably for Chicago, also added to the